

Cage

She sat in that cage for years

Never once realizing that it was a cage

Her cage

A cage formed by her negative thoughts

A cage formed by society's flaws

A cage that she willingly formed herself

As a child she was bossy, headstrong, reckless

Society didn't like that

But as a child, her innocence kept her free

Years later, she made her first mistake

But she still remained free

It wasn't until she left the shelter of her sheltered life

Then the bars descended

Sixth grade

She learned the hard way

Of just what society did with people who were different

And she vowed

Oh how she vowed

Never again would she be made fun of

One bar appeared

And she began to change

Her appearance, her manners, everything

Until there was almost nothing

Nothing left of the sweet and sensitive

The other half of the child

The other side of the bossy, headstrong, reckless coin of the girl

And the bars continued to descend

Until she was in a cage of her own making

She could've gotten out that first year

The bars were fairly spaced apart

And being the small little thing she was

She could've just slipped right out

But she failed

She failed to get out

She failed to see how she had conformed to society's ways

How, in that first year

Society had blackened that sweet, sensitive side of her personality coin

Until only the other remained

And the other

Oh how it morphed

Into something ugly

Something that was completely unlike what had been blackened

She got to high school

After three years of bullying, taunting, discrimination

Three years that morphed her into a sharp tongued weapon

A weapon that had added more bars to her cage

A cage that was now inescapable

But after those first two years of high school

Something changed

Yes, a smudge on that blackened side of her coin

The coin that had been her only companion

In her cage

All those years

And how she scrubbed

She scrubbed

And scrubbed

And scrubbed

And scrubbed

Until she saw it

Who she really was

And her eyes were opened

She saw that cage

For what it really was

And she fought to get out

Her prison mates, in cages of their own

Told her to stop

It was better in the cage than in the freedom that surely awaited her

Told her to continue being dumb, being pretty, being silent

Told her these things as they too were stuck in a cage of their own making

She refused

And she continued her fight

To find who she really was

To find what she believed in

Her hopes, her goals, her dreams

Her coin started to shine

And she grew stronger

More aware

And one

By one

She destroyed those bars

The bars that had held her in all these years

And she brought down that cage

Her cage

A cage formed by her negative thoughts

A cage formed by society's flaws

A cage that she willingly formed herself

And after all these years

She took her first step of freedom

Towards a future of her own making